

Opening Chapters of "The Winning Oar," by Albert W. Aiken, in this number!

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No. 445

HURRAH FOR THE COUNTRY!

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Hurrah for the country—the joyous, the free!
Where the sunshine of heaven looks down on the
land!
Where the wild breezes daily with each leafy tree,
And the bough of the toiler by sephrys is fanned!
No bustle of city, no hubbub of town.
No dusty street bordered by mortar and brick;
Through the woods and meadows the roadway
leads down
Where daisies and buttercups blossom so thick.
Exchange thou the gaslights for beautiful stars!
Exchange thou the dust for the perfume of flowers!
And the moonbeams shall spangle, with silvery
bars,
Thy couch on the green grass in even's cool hours.
Hurrah for the country! pure air and blue sky!
Hurrah for the land which blooms freely for all!
Hurrah for the breezes which merrily by
Waft bird-notes of music, and trout brooklets'
fall!

The Winning Oar; OR, THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the
College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-
race, of woman's love, man's treachery,
and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND
KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS
NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF
NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER I. THE BLACK SHEEP.

Of all the pretty cities of New England—almost as renowned for handsome towns as the old England from whence it takes its name—not a single smiling hamlet can surpass fair Cambridge, which, with its thirty odd thousand people, is yet as truly a rural village as in the days of yore when it could boast but a scant ten thousand.

As fair a suburb, too, as old Boston can boast, Brookline and the Highland District to the contrary notwithstanding; the site of great Harvard and college, the home of a still more eminent man, renowned in scholarship, in commerce, and in politics; yet to the boys of Harvard the pretty town owes most of its renown; and of these lads of Harvard—the wearers of the crimson handkerchiefs, which they have bravely carried to the front in many a hard-fought race—we are about to relate a story so weird and strange, so improbable, at the first glance, that, if we did not know the incidents to be truth itself, we should hesitate to commit the facts to ever-living print.

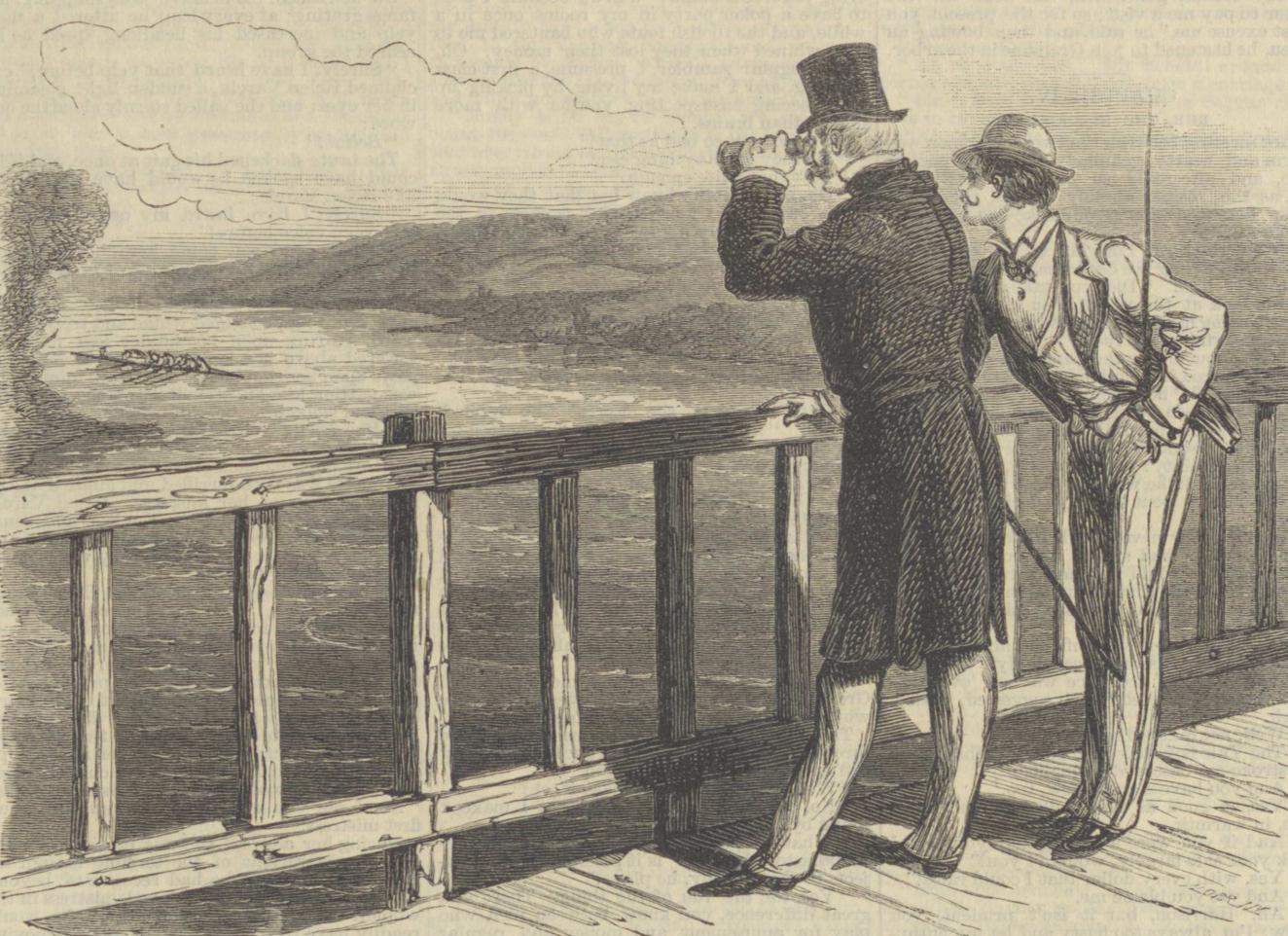
On a certain bright May morning, in the year— Well, never mind the year; perhaps it is as well not to deal too closely with figures; but the stirring events which we are about to chronicle are still so fresh in the memories of the world, that we may, one who peruses this journal, and is in all families acquainted with the contests between Yale and Harvard for the championship of the waters, will surely be able to fix the date as accurately as though I had written it—a tall, good-looking, well-dressed fellow got off a railway train at the little station on the Brighton road, which used to be called Cambridge Crossing, but is now dignified by a more sounding appellation, and walked slowly down the road which led into Cambridge (at the lower part of the town is called) by means of a bridge over the Charles river. This structure is generally known as the Brighton bridge, the second one spanning the river as you ascend it from the broad bay below, the first one being known as the Cottage Farm bridge.

As we have said, this young man was a tall, well-dressed fellow—in fact, a little too well-dressed for good taste; he displayed altogether too much jewelry; diamond studs glittered in his shirt-front, a costly pin of the same brilliant gem held together the folds of his scarf, a small fortune in diamonds he wore in the shape of rings upon his slender, white, aristocratic fingers; the watch-chain that ornamented the front of his snowy-white vest was as thick around as one's finger, and as he drew forth his time-piece to ascertain the hour, a careful observer would have seen that it, too, was richly adorned with precious gems—a tiny little bit of a thing, fit only for a lady and utterly out of place in the possession of a gentleman.

At first glance one would have said that this young man and gentleman was a handsome fellow, for he had curly hair, black as jet, carefully oiled and arranged; a white aristocratic-looking face, regular in its features, with the exception of the nose, which was slightly curved; the lips were rather thin and bloodless, and there was a hard, cruel expression about the eyes and mouth which could hardly be perceived at first, but to a close examiner it would have been perceptible, although the man took the greatest care to conceal it. A perfect actor was this individual, although no stage-player, and from an early age he had trained his features to conceal, and not to betray, the feelings of his heart.

Of good old blue Boston "cultus" blood came this gentleman, and yet his enemies said that he was a black sheep if ever there was one in this world.

He was called Harrison Grahame, but in the sporting world, where acute "shrews" most do congregate, he was far better known as Harry Gray, for thus he abbreviated his name when "on the turf." He had wit enough to understand that it was no creditable thing for a blue-blooded Boston gentleman, a Beacon-Hillite born and bred, to appear in the public prints as



With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest.

the sporting gentleman, the high-spirited "Corinthian," who found the money to back the "Dublin Mousie" to box the "Pittsburg Chicken," or had his daring deeds chronicled as the plucky sport who broke the Twenty-third street faro bank in an eight hours' sitting.

Oh, no! the honored name of Harrison, so dear to Massachusetts annals—or Grahame, remembrance of ancient Scottish chivalry—must not be recalled in such a manner; but Harry Gray why. He could do anything, and no one in the fashionable circle in which he moved would be the wiser for it.

Carelessly flourishing the light gold-headed switch he carried, he strode along with a lengthy stride, apparently at peace with himself and all the world, and yet there was a look upon his face, every now and then, that would have betrayed to a close observer that he was far from being easy in his mind.

It did not take Mr. Harry Gray long to cover the distance which intervened between the railway station and the Brighton bridge over the Charles river, and as he approached the bridge the mysterious actions of a man on the upper side of the structure excited his attention.

This person was well on in years, with a hard, wiry face ornamented with a large nose, very red at the tip, a pair of short, little grey-green eyes, a bristling brown grey mustache, and small side-whiskers of the same hue. He was dressed very soberly, in complete black—the cut of the garments, though, being of a rather ancient type; and he wore an old-fashioned stand-up collar, a dickey, as it used to be called, encompassed by a stiff black stock necklace, which gave the wearer a semi-military look; and this was rather enhanced, too, by a peculiar, erect carriage natural to the man, an odd bearing to the head, and a sort of a military strut, so that one used to the manner and style of old army officers would have pronounced the man to be a veteran soldier.

Under his arm he carried a light cane ornamented with a little silver and dressed in modern stick, evidently from this regularity.

What attracted the attention of the newcomer was that the old gentleman had a field-glass in his hand, and was busily engaged in surveying the upper part of the river.

"By Jove! it is the veteran!" Grahame exclaimed, as he came on; "but, what on earth is he up to?" but hardly had he asked the question when the answer occurred to him. "What an idiot I am!" he continued. "This is the training-ground of the Harvard crew, and he is watching their stroke, just as, for the past week, at Lake Saltonstall, I have been watching the Yale boys in their training. I wonder which crew he has bet on? He's a shrewd old dodger, and is up to as many tricks as any man alive. If his money is invested on the right side perhaps I might be able to bring him into the scheme I have in view; he'd be no bad assistant, for he's cunning as a fox and as heartless as a hawk!"

By this time Grahame had reached the bridge, and as his footsteps, sounding on it, attracted the attention of the old man, he carelessly put his glass in his pocket, and adjusting a pair of eyeglasses upon his nose turned to get a look at the interloper.

"Hallo, general!" exclaimed the young man, as he came up to him, "what brings you here? You're about the last man I expected to see!"

"Same to you, dear boy; same to you!" replied the old gentleman, flourishing his cane in the air and executing a military salute with it.

"Oh, I've some relatives residing in the town yonder, and I've just run on from New York for a visit," Grahame answered, shaking hands with the old gentleman, an operation on the part of the general which was performed with great facility.

And now before I plunge deeper into the narrative I must give some account of this odd-looking old gentleman who is destined to play

quite an important part in the story which I am about to relate.

He was popularly known as General Lyceurgus McShouter, and among a certain class was about as widely acquainted as any man in the country. Few race gatherings were there of any importance, from New Orleans to Boston, that were not honored by the general's presence in the "quarter-stretch," as the noted locality next to the judge's stand, and sacred to the sport, was then called, being the "quarter-stretch" as it is termed. Not a gentleman blackleg in the country but knew the general, and there wasn't a colorless guardian to the precincts of King Faro in the land but would at once display his "ivories" at the approach of the old gentleman, and gladly, without parley, admit him to the rooms sacred to the goddess of Fortune.

In fine, the general was an old sport, and was about as keen-headed and as unscrupulous an old scamp as the country could very well produce. How he came by the title of "general" no one knew, although there was a tradition—we say a tradition, as for the last twenty years the general had not appeared apparently in the least, and no one knew anything more about him than that at present he was the former an officer in the army, and had been cashiered for some questionable practices.

The general, when questioned upon the point, always insisted that he was one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and that he had won a general's grade in that struggle, and when asked as to his age, replied with great gravity that he was one hundred and ten years old, and that he fully expected to live to be a hundred and fifty at the least.

"Some relatives, eh?" the general remarked.

"Yes, but what brings you here?"

"Oh, friends in Boston—friends in Boston!" the general replied, lightly swinging his switch in the air.

"Yes, but what are you doing on this bridge?"

"Merely taking the air."

"With a field-glass, eh?"

"Observing the scenery, that's all, dear boy!"

"And you are not watching the Harvard crew?"

"Oh, what an idea!"

"Seal here they come now!" and Grahame pointed up the stream, and the general instantly turned his keen, hawk-like eyes in the direction.

"I take a great deal of interest in this crew."

"Ah, you do?"

"Yes; the stroke oar is my cousin, Otis Lawrence, or 'Bub' Lawrence as he is generally termed."

CHAPTER II. A VILLAINOUS SCHEME.

"INDEED! you astonish me, dear boy!" the general exclaimed, as he bent over the rail.

"The competition was cut short by the approach of the crew."

Down the stream and around the slight curve in the river came the Harvard boat, the light racing shell manned by its eight hardy, plucky oarsmen and its little dapper coxswain; for this year, after the English fashion which the Harvard boys had brought back with them from their brief visit across the water to Albion's shores, the race with Yale was to be rowed with coxswains contrary to the usual American custom.

With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest of the crew and instructing an individual member every now and then in regard to his pulling; in fact, acting as "coach" to the crew, contrary to the English custom where the coach, instead of the bank, generally runs a full speed along the bank of the river thus keeping up with the boat and shouts his instructions at them. As for instance:

"Steady! No. 8! you bend your back too

much. No. 5, too long in your recovery. No. 4, put more power in your elbow. Now give it to her, all together!—quicken! hit her up, hit her up!"

The crew were not rowing in downright earnest but were only paddling along, so to speak, for they well knew that vigilant, watching eyes were upon them, and it was not part of their policy to show exactly what they really could do until the day of the race came, when, side by side with their opponents, they waited for the "go."

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"The deuce you do! Dear boy, you astonish me!"

"Yes; I got picked up on the extraordinary odds offered. In one of the New York clubs I heard an old Harvard man boldly offer to bet three to one on crimson handkerchiefs, thirty to ten. I had seen the Yale crew at work and knew that they were a very fine crew, and I had heard, too, that the Harvards had only an indifferent set of oars in their boat this year, so I turned at the offer and booked it there and then, and a precious fool I was to do so!"

"That is truth, dear boy, these dark horses are terrible things to bet against, sometimes. I got picked up on the same way. The odds offered struck me as being ridiculous, and so I invested; two thousand dollars, too, just think of it! That's a nice sum for a man of my age and experience to get fooled out of! After I had made the bet it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I was a little too hasty, and so I took a rum on here to look at the crew."

"Well, what do you think of your chance now?"

"Dear boy! that two thousand dollars is gone! the general replied, with a solemn shake of the head. "To use the old saying, it's Lombard street to a China orange that these fellows win. They can't lose except by accident."

"We may as well walk," Grahame suggested, as he led the way from the bridge; "we'll have plenty of time to get there before the crew come back and we can talk the matter over as we walk along."

Grahame, acquainted with the town, conducted his companion through the cross streets until they reached the main thoroughfare, the elm-shaded Main street, up which they walked toward the colleges.

"I must begin at the beginning. I'll explain how I came to be so well posted in regard to Bub and his doings. One of his love affairs he himself confided to me and the other was told me in strict confidence by one of the college boys whom I met in New York last week. In regard to the first love affair, Bub boards in the house of a certain Dr. Artemas Peabody, a distant relation of our family, a scholar of great knowledge but of limited means. When Bub's father died he took this doctor a guardian over Bub—who was not of age then—and of his sister, who has just reached her majority. In fact, the old gentleman has acted as Bub's tutor ever since he was old enough to understand anything and has been to him more like a father than anything else. Now, the doctor has a daughter

a pretty, fair-like girl, named Winifred. She has always been a great favorite of Bub's; being brought up together they have always been like a brother and sister. Well, now the last time I was on here I noticed that there was a slight change in the manner of the pair toward each other, and I instantly suspected that there was a sort of a love-affair between them. I joked Bub on the subject, and as he became quite grave over the matter, I feel pretty certain that I had guessed correctly. In order to some practical jest I told him the secret of the matter, but you can judge of my surprise when he became terribly excited declared that I must be wrong, that they only regarded each other as brother and sister, and that a marriage between them was utterly impossible, and begged that I would never mention such a thing to anybody. Here was mystery number one."

"And the second love-affair, confided to me in strict confidence by this Harvard student whom I met in New York, takes in a girl named Kitty Googage, who is the daughter of an old couple who keep a sort of an English ale-house called the Woodbine Inn situated near Harvard Square, a great resort of the collegians. The old man old English oarsman, who acts as a sort of coach to the crew, is a man of high church-membership. This girl, Kitty, has only lately come to Cambridge and there is something odd about her. 'Something not just on the square,' this young fellow said, but that was all that I could get out of him, except the information that there was a desperate flirtation going on between Bub and the girl, and there's mystery number two."

"Deuced interesting, my boy!"

"Yes; well, I'm going to meet Bub at this

Woodbine Inn and at the same time I can take a look at the girl. I rather flatter myself that she'll be there to find out the mystery that is connected with her, but as for the other one, the old doctor's nice girl, I'm puzzled."

"Ah, well, time may reveal it."

The further conversation that took place between the two is not worth detailing, being of little interest, until they reached their destination.

The Woodbine Inn was a plain little white

cottage surrounded by a large garden filled with shrubbery in the midst of which small arbors were constructed, wherein little tables were placed for the accommodation of the customers.

It was a charming rural retreat, so different

from the average American bar-room that it was little wonder that it was well patronized by the college boys.

Entering one of the arbors Grahame rapped upon the table, and the summons was answered by a big, burly, middle-aged man, whose general build and broad face betrayed at the first glance that he was a son of Albion's—isle—one of those brawny, beef-fed, beer-drinking Britons whose stout arms and brave hearts have triumphantly carried the Union Jack of Great Britain all around the world and caused that flag to be respected in every clime and by every nation.

"That's Googage himself," Grahame observed to the host as the host emerged from the house—a fine-looking, compact boxer, a jolly good fellow in every way, and yet as strict a church-member as any deacon in the land."

"You surprise me, dear boy."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Grahame!" exclaimed the host, ducking his partly bald head as he came up to the arbor; "you're quite a stranger!"

Googage spoke with an English accent as broad as his person, and his round, healthy face beamed with good-nature as he looked upon the young gentleman for was not his guest the comical and particular friend of "Bub" Lawrence?

The host, the Harvard crew, and the crew of the

Yale crew were all over except the shouting "Bub" suggested, with a laugh.

"Well, not quite so bad as that."

"The Yale boys have a good crew, they say,"

"the stroke-oar observed, thoughtfully.

"And you have a good crew, too."

"Yes, as good as ever pulled an oar!" cried Bub, in warmth.

"And if you were a betting man you would back your side largely, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, with every dollar that I could raise!"

"And yet you blame me."

"Ah, Harrison, but it isn't prudent, you know; I'm always too hasty and let my enthusiasm run away with my judgment." Bub replied slowly. "But a couple of thousand if you like, but take my advice, and don't risk thirty; it is entirely too much; and once he asks the question, Harrison—can you afford to lose an sum in case we fail to win? An purpose he will be defeated by the Harvard crew must be made to lose this race, we must enter this stroke-oar."

"Good boy! I'll take your advice, and hedge as to stand safe whichever way the race goes."

"Do, and you'll take a weight off my mind!" cried Bub, his face lighting up, and he bestowed upon the other a warm grasp of the hand.

"But how about the other matter that I hinted at in my letter?"

Bub's face became quite grave.

"You mean in regard to my sister, Helena?"

"Well, Harrison, I hardly know what to say; you place me in a very embarrassing position. Helena is hardly more than a child; she is not old enough to think of marriage yet."

"She is eighteen."

"And she has had a half a dozen suitors already, but perhaps you prefer this young Virginian, Mr. Richard Randolph Peyton, or Dicky Dolph, as the college boys call him, to me? He's the coxswain of your crew, isn't he?"

"Yes, but that idea is all nonsense!" Bub exclaimed, impatiently. "Dicky is only a boy."

Folks couple his name with your sister's, though."

"That is because he boards at the doctor's, and is a strong friend of mine. He loves me like a brother."

"Of course, Peyton is rich and I'm poor—"

"Harrison, can you think so meanly of me as to believe that that would have any influence over me if there was no other reason?" Bub cried, impetuously.

"Oh, there is another reason, then?"

"Yes, and I might as well speak plainly. You know that I stand in the light of a father to Helena, and I regard it as my sacred duty to see her happily bestowed in life. Her husband must be a man whom the breath of suspicion has never been directed."

"That is as much as to say that I am not that kind of a man," Grahame observed, his face growing pale and his eyes beginning to shine wickedly.

"Harrison, Heaven knows that I would gladly evade this task if I could," the stroke-oar replied, with a troubled voice, his whole manner plainly betraying the agitation under which he labored. "For I like you, Harrison—like you as well as any man that breathes the breath of life this day, but the faults that I can pardon in you as a friend I cannot overlook when you appear as a suitor for the hand of my sister."

"What do you mean? I confess I do not understand you."

Harrison's manner was quite calm, amazement apparent but no trace of any other feeling, despite the fact that rage was burning within his heart, and stirring every pulse of his being.

"By Heaven! it is from the frying-pan into the ovens!" thought Franz Edouin; and aloud, he cried: "Whoever you are, beware! I have no intention to become the prisoner of any one. Back—all of you! or this pistol shall!"

A terrific and skillful cut from the sword of Helen Varcia knocked the drawn and leveled pis-

tol from his grasp, and simultaneously the two men threw themselves upon him with the ferocity of tigers.

Aided by the actress, who succeeded in tripping the victim, Franz was soon overpowered and bound hand and foot, when Helen Varcia hissed menacingly into his ears:

"A loud word, or a cry for help, and I shall brain you with this sword!"

Realizing the utter uselessness of any attempt to invoke assistance, and his inability to resist further, Franz remained passive and silent in the hands of his captors, worn in spirit at the recollection of his beloved Osalind being now, more than ever, unprotected and in the power of the villainous Philip De Vin.

"Oh, Heaven of the helpless!" he thought, "what have I done to deserve this? My poor, poor Osalind! God alone can aid you now!"

As they passed the great gate, Annette bent over him and whispered, unmoved by the others:

"Fear not. I am sure that my mistress means you no harm."

As she spoke thus encouragingly, the group was brought abruptly to a stand by a loud, sudden, threatening growl in front.

"The dog!" The dog of our mistress! hissed in affright. She had no time to doled Edouin between them, and their knees smote together as the huge dog, Belial, came bounding and leaping down the broad path to attack the intruders.

Annette sunk to the ground on her knees, covering her face in terror. Franz Edouin gave one glance at the monstrous, savage, blood-thirsty animal, and averted his face with a feeling of sickness. Helen Varcia alone seemed unmoved by this prospect of a terrible encounter. She stood in advance, her form slightly bent, with one foot thrown out, and the hand that carried the sword drawn back past the hip. Her checks were set and every muscle gathered for one fierce blow.

"Well, that's an ugly report about to that is it?" Harrison cried, sarcastically, endeavoring to force a laugh; "and all because I used to have a poker party in my rooms once in a while and the foolish louts who bantered me to play whined when they lost their money. Oh, I'm a regular gambler, I presume, a first-class blackleg, and I make my living by picking up and fleecing unsuspecting youths with more than brains."

"Oh, not so bad as that!"

"Do they say anything else?"

"Isn't that quite enough?"

"Oh, no! I didn't know but that they would make out that I used to pick pockets in the class-room, or play high-stakes on the college campus. They might as well have made a good story while they were about it."

Harrison was decidedly sarcastic.

"Old fellow, I am sorry that I was forced to tell you this, but it could not be avoided."

"On account of these stories, then—these lying reports, you would object to my marriage with Helena, even though she desired the union?"

"But, Harrison, she don't," Bub replied, quietly. "I hinted to her about the matter today, and she said enough to convince me that she likes you as a cousin only."

"Well, I'm sorry; it's quite a disappointment to me to be devoured by her at one snap, they are hugging each other! Look!"

Annette was both terrified and amazed at the novel position of her mistress. Helen Varcia was speaking the dog in English, and could the others have been near enough to catch, and all understand her language, they would have heard something like this:

"Good Belial! Oh, my favorite! How strange to meet you here! Ten years have passed since you were stolen from me and though you were then but a year old, you do not forget the first mistress who fed you. There—there—good fellow! my kisses from your ugly but precious nose. Let me pat and play a moment with this hairy head. So you wish to hug me? Ha! ha! ha! You gave us quite a scare, a moment since. Have you forgotten this sound?"—puckering her lips and trilling a shrill whistle, to which Belial answered with two distinct, loud, hoarse barks.

"No! I see you remember the signal of your first mistress."

During her address, she was receiving kindly the demonstrations of the terrible though sagacious brute, until he had recognized, beyond doubt, a former and much-loved mistress of the woman who, a moment previous, he would have readily have torn to pieces. Gently removing the heraldic limbs from her shoulders, she turned to her companions with:

"Come, friends; this good dog is an old comrade of mine. Whoever walks with me need not fear him or his teeth."

She stepped toward the house, Belial trotting daintily at her side, and the rest of the party following rather timidly.

"Ay, but this woman is a witch!" declared one of the men who carried Franz Edouin. "For none but a witch could so easily charm such a devil-of-a-dog!"

Annette, with a sudden comprehension dawning, was saying to herself:

"There is but one explanation of this. The mastiff must be the same that was lost or stolen from my mistress when she was lost in London ten years ago. It was the last gift of her husband, a few days before he died. I have heard her call him by some peculiar whistle she gave just now, and the dog would come through a hundred men barred his way."

Arrived at the door Annette gave the bell a pull. The answer being tardy, Helen Varcia herself wrenched at the knob, occasioning those impatient sounds heard by Zabach and the Voodoo just after the latter had consigned Victor Bramont to the secret pit beneath the room where she carried on her orgies of mystery.

Let us make a note, here, that the actress and the Voodoo had never met in any arrangement transpiring between them since the sojourn of the former in Paris—whatever business there was being transacted by deputy, and that deputy was the faithful Zabach. Now, when the dog, for some reason, burst into the silence which followed the speech of Helen Varcia at the close of Chapter III, the latter seemed struck by some strange and thrilling likeness which she beheld in the brown features of the reptile sorceress.

"It is very plain to me," ran in the mind of the Voodoo, motioning Zabach to lead the way from the room, and at the same time recovering her death's-head cane, "why Franz Edouin so furiously hates Victor Bramont. Dorlan Ray has a daughter—whom I have never seen, so closely does he keep her confined in the house over the way—and Victor Bramont has come to Paris with the purpose of wedding her. Strange as it may seem, considering the artist's wild adoration for his first wife, Dorlan Ray must have married again; else how came he to have a daughter? So there Bramont must be, in the accented voice of the maiden, partially promised or fully pledged to Victor Bramont. For the present, I must keep these two men apart, or he may kill Victor Bramont before Helen Varcia obtains the information she seeks."

And Franz was thinking, while he followed the actress and the Voodoo:

"If these two women hate Victor Bramont as intensely as I do, then he will never leave this house alive. By Heaven! I will shoot him, sooner than he shall escape to further terrify the eminence you bear Victor Bramont, let me warn you that he is Helen Varcia's prisoner, so you must not seek to harm him."

"So be it. I trust she will order his death."

"Man in the hole! Man in the hole!" shrieked the parrot, as the trio passed beyond the door and into the gloomy entryway.

The answer being tardy, Helen Varcia herself was hurried by the man of the house, the Voodoo, the detective started down a narrow back stairway, Zabach leading and carrying the lamp which he took from the calf's head over the entrance to the ante-room; and we will return to the prison when, almost blind from the effect of the subtle powder which the Voodoo blew into his eyes—while the pain of his wounded finger and the smart of the bruises given by the death's-head cane roused a demon of rage within him—he shot downward with dangerous velocity, struck the bottom of hard earth, and was prostrated by the shock, headlong forward into the gloomy darkness.

"Dieable!" he roared, scrambling to his feet.

"I am a dead man beyond doubt! Cursed sorceress! my eyes are nearly out. Little use would be though, in this ditch-of-a-hole. Where am I? How to get out, before that which comes to finish the work? In spite of her negro looks, her brown skin—artificial both—and her role of a Voodoo, all, I know her. Sacre! yes. She is Catherine Plaque, whom I stabbed, in England, when I took from her the child of Selissa Gordon. But this finger of mine—I shall bleed to death, I fear. Devil seize that pogrom cane!"

As well as he could, not being able to see what he was about, he bound up the wounded finger with his handkerchief.

"The Helen Varcia, too," he mumbled, "I am sure no other is than Selissa Gordon. Ho! she may mean to flay me alive! Both captors thirsty for my life! But stay: this so-called Helen Varcia dare not destroy me, for then she would never learn the whereabouts of her lost child. I, alone, possess the secret. Ha! ha! there I have her by the hip. Hark! What was that?"

He started as a peculiar noise, like a low, vindictive hiss, fell distinctly upon his ears. This was followed by a squirming, scraping sound, and then his hair fairly rose on end, for the terrible warning of the rattle-snake rung sharply through the darkness. "Aha! aha! aha!" Stimulated by very fright, he sprang hither and thither, kicking and pounding the walls, only to discover that he was surrounded by a solid masonry that would defy the muscles of a Hercules.

"Snakes!" he howled, while he battered and plunged vainly about. "I am in a den of snakes! The sorceress means that I shall die of poisonous bites and rot in this abominable hole! Ho! to die of a snake-bite! Think of that! What a fate for Victor Bramont! Help, there! Help! Let me out! Strangle me! Put a bullet in my skin! Anything but this! Sacre dieable! Hear the snakes!—a hundred or more!"

"Victor Bramont! Then you have the wretched safe?" cried Helen Varcia, glowing with exultation.

"He is my prisoner. He shall tell us what

became of the child when he snatched it from the nurse, and right stabbed that nurse to death."

"Then she did not die?"

"No, though you were at the bedside when recovery seemed impossible. She lived, Helen Varcia—lived for vengeance on Victor Bramont!"

"Now, by all the good memory of my life! I know you. You are—"

"Hush!" A quick, commanding gesture checked the words upon Helen Varcia's lips.

aroused and angered by his loud raving, hissed, rattled and squirmed in anticipation of battle with the desperate man.

"Diable! Help! Murderer Voodoo!—help, or I perish! If I die, a secret dies with me. Help!"

A glare of light suddenly flashed upon him, illuminating and showing the miserable nature of his surrounding. Near the ceiling, and on all four sides, extended a continuous cage of finely-woven wire. In this cage were confined the serpents whose hissing, gliding and rattling struck terror to the heart of the captive. The floor of the cell was of cemented flags. On three sides were massive and impenetrable walls; on the fourth side, a small, grated window. At this window stood Ximo, the Voodoo, who had flashed forth the lamp. In a single second, when discovering that he was safe from the fangs of the serpents, Victor Bramont recovered his usual spirit and boldness.

"How's the world? You thought to scare my life out. What next, Catherine Plaque?—which ever you are? *Stare!* Release me!"

"It is not likely, Victor Bramont—who once assumed the name of Saul Secor—that I shall give you another chance to stab me. The thanks I received, when I agreed to assist you in the abduction of Selissa, Gordon's child, was a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the dead of blood, I promised that I would not die, but would live to kill you, Victor Bramont."

"Diable! Then you mean to kill me, after saying that I was not your prisoner?"

"Catherine Plaque!" exclaimed Helen Varsca, stepping to the window and grasping the Voodoo roughly by the arm. "Woman! do I hear that you aided Victor Bramont to rob me of my child? What had I done to you, to be the victim of such base treachery?"

"Diable!" cried Bramont. "I am right, Helen Varsca is Selissa Gordon."

"Speak not of the past, but of the present," said the Voodoo, quickly, and freeing her arm from the grip of the actress.

"Scoundrel Bramont!" cried Franz Edouin, showing himself, "these women have been with you. Have it over briefly. Then you will settle an account with me."

"Diable!" exclaimed Bramont, in his heart, while he eyed the young man in a puzzled way: "this is Franz Edouin, the French detective, whom I once met abroad, and who looked to me the image of Dorian Ray at the time when Ray, crazy over the death of his wife, was confined in the private asylum." And aloud he snapped: "With you? An account with you? *Sacre!* Another foe. And what have I done to you?"

"You are the wretch who persecutes the woman I have pledged to my bride. I have sworn that you I must die!"

"Other wretches, my fellow! If I am to have a fair show, I shall soon be rid of you—be sure of that. If you are thinking of the beautiful Osalind Ray, come up to my mind that she is mine, pledged to me seventeen years ago—"

"Rascal! Let me enter his cell!"

But the Voodoo held him back, while she thought:

"A mystery here; for I know that Dorian Ray did not have a daughter so long ago as seventeen years."

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It did not occur to Helen Varsca that the declaration of Victor Bramont contained anything remarkable. Her mind being preoccupied with a hungry longing to discover, from him, the whereabouts of her own child, it did not strike her that he was in the Voodoo, that Dorian Ray could not possibly have had a daughter as long ago as seventeen years prior to this night, although she, as well as Ximo, might have recollected the date, and that Dorian Ray, helplessly insane, was confined in a private asylum at that time. She only meditated:

"I have now before me the man who tried to strangle me because I witnessed his tampering with the medicine of Gertrude Ray; who robbed me of my child; who stabbed the nurse in treacherous payment of her own treachery in aiding him to abduct that child. Now and here he shall tell me where to find my long-lost daughter, or every snake in yonder slimy cage shall be let loose upon him."

Franz Edouin had gripped one of the bars at the narrow window as if he would wrench it out and get at the imprisoned victim whose speech made the blood boil with indignation. Ximo held him firmly—though all his strength could not have unjolted the stoutly-riven bars, and would have expostulated with him, when the actress sternly addressed Victor Bramont:

"Tell me, wretch: where is my child?"

"Do you think I have carried the brat about, from place to place, for seventeen years?" he snapped.

"Nothing of the sort," continued the actress. "But that you know where she is, I am convinced. And never will you come out of there alive, until my questions are answered and answered truly."

"Very right," passed in the brain of Victor Bramont: "I do know where she is, and no one else can tell." But he spoke no word aloud.

"Victor Bramont!" cried the actress, grasping the iron bars and glaring angrily through the window, "twenty-one years ago Dorian Ray, and Gertrude, his wife, had a boy child."

"Diable! I know that. I know, also, that you madly loved Dorian Ray yourself, and afterward hated him because he married this Gertrude."

"No master!" she interrupted, suppressing the fiery passion which arose within her at remembrance of the time when, twenty-two years before, Dorian Ray had rejected her unmaidenly avowal of love. "No master. You, wretch, were as deeply enamored of Gertrude as I was wild to possess Dorian Ray."

"Diable! that is true."

"You vowed that she should never live as another man's wife! You concealed her deadly hate you bore both man and wife, and wormed yourself into an intimacy with Dorian Ray—"

"Diable! yes; and so did you in the same manner, for you had the confidence of his wife, while I looked her immensely. We were a pair, eh?" sneered Bramont, folding his arms and scowling upon the actress.

"Most gracious Heaven!" murmured Franz Edouin to himself. "I feel that I am now to learn the grand, and mayhap, terrible secret which has blighted the lives of Dorian Ray and my beloved Osalind."

"But I was not the guilty serpent you were," resumed Helen Varsca, her brilliant eyes glancing fury and scorn upon her enemy. "When Dorian Ray was lost to me—although I intensely hated him and all that was his from that moment—I would at least have let him live in peace, and rather felt a pride that I did not betray the gall in my wounded heart. You despicable schemer, made Gertrude believe that you had buried your passion for her, and by toadying to Dorian Ray you succeeded in becoming an inmate of his household. In an evil hour you tempted Dorian Ray, and then led him to the commission of a breach of trust which necessitated his flight from the country. When you had removed him from your path, by means of most diabolical treachery, you made proposals to his wife, which she, as a true woman, scorned and severely resented. When delivered of her child, and while sick almost unto death, I saw you deliberately poison her; for I was then, by chance, in the house, and caught you in the very act."

"She is trying to draw me into a confession before these witnesses," he muttered, in his mind, glancing covertly at the Voodoo and the detective. "Diable! go on, Helen Varsca!" he last aloud.

"I pursued you through the garden, to catch you and have you hung for the perpetration of such a dastardly deed; for you fled when you saw that I had detected you. You tried to strangle me in the garden. Had these arms of mine possessed the muscle then that they do now—barring her large, tough and sinewy arm and shaking a tight-clenched fist at him—"it would have been you—not me—left insensible

on the grass! Dorian Ray, returning too late even for his wife's funeral, became a veritable madman with grief, and had to be placed in an insane asylum. His son, who bore the birthmark of a red crescent in the palm of his right hand—was placed, by proper persons, in the Orphan Asylum at Chichester."

The actress was interrupted, and all were startled, by a quick cry more like the shriek of some infuriated animal. Franz Edouin, with wide starting eyes, panting breath, and whole frame quivering with a terrible excitement, tugged and wrung savagely at the bars, straining every nerve until red in the face, while he gasped and shouted, hoarse and choked:

"Let me in there! Find me an opening! I tell you I shall go mad!"

"Foolish young man!" exclaimed the Voodoo, sternly, and no longer able to keep him back from the bars. "You cannot get into that cell, for that is a state prison. But I must remind you that you too, are a captive in this house, and if you seek to harm Victor Bramont—who is the exclusive prisoner of Helen Varsca—I may promise you that you will fare badly at other hands than his. Peace! I say!"

"I must have my grip on the throat of yonder villain!" cried Franz Edouin, maintaining his fierce but futile assault upon the bars. "There is a great mystery in what I have heard. I have the scar of a red crescent in the palm of my right hand! I was released from the Orphan Asylum at Chichester four years ago! This man must be the murderer of my mother, and Dorian Ray must be my father! I have been near marrying the daughter of my father, who is my sister or half-sister, and so commit a crime which all the mercy of God will not excuse! Let me get at this man and compel him to speak!—for he alone is able to clear up the tangle of what I fear! If my discoveries forced by the hand of Heaven will tell the very vital from your carcass—scoundrel Bramont! You shall speak, I say, if I have to prod your tongue with red-hot forks! Open a way for me Voodoo! open!—or every block of stone will I dig out with these nails of mine! Devil Bramont! murderer of my mother! I will reach you presently! and he wrenched and fought at the bars like a man possessed by a hundred avening rages.

Bramont, started and, for a moment, in fear of his life, maintained an exterior of dogged coolness, though he exclaimed, behind his teeth:

"Diable! then I was correct in my suspicion. He is the son of the woman I poisoned, and who, by that unlucky speech of the actress, has discovered himself to be the son of Dorian Ray. At this rate, the whole secret will come out, unless by me. *Stare!* Then these foes of mine will be forced to turn their backs upon me to die of snake-bites, or strangle me, or dispose of me in some other horrid manner. My life must be saved. I must run risks of catching them all by the hip some other time. Let me devise means to escape from them and, once free, we shall start another battle at cunning. Yes—*stare!*—my life first. I will speak to them!"

And aloud he snarled:

"Hollo, there! Voodoo! actress! Grapple with that madman! I will tell you what you ask, but upon one condition."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 441.)

GOING HOME.

BY ETHEL.

Y-s! I'm getting old and feeble; My hair is silver white; And my step is slow and faltering, For my bones are due of sight. Down life's hill I'm slowly going; Soon I'll cross the deep, dark stream Over which the angels beckon— Beckon still, as in a dream! Way beyond the silent river— There, the dear ones gone before, Ever like me, in joy forever, Close beside the outer door— Waiting there to guide me over Crystal streams and streets of gold—Wait, to teach the way to heaven, And all mystery to unfold. I am longing for the message That will bid me hasten away; For though earth is fair and joyous, I wish not to longer stay, For I'm longing here to-night, And I sit and paint the future In the fast darkening twilight. Oh! the blessed promised future! Sorrow never, never comes! There the soul, in joy forever, Through the heavenly city roads; There will be no parting there; Far beyond the still, dark river; Up above the "Golden Stair."

Elegant Egbert;

OR,

THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JAMES VESHEY, DETECTIVE.

The foregoing caption appeared on the door-post of a certain hallway, on a business street in New Orleans, and again on a door in the second story of the building.

It was read with mingled feelings of hope and misgiving by three persons, who, having read it, entered the room.

Within they found a very small boy seated on a very high stool, who motioned them to seats with a wave of his hand, and told them that Mr. Vesey was busy at present, but would give them audience shortly.

He was an amanuensis on stood a man of perhaps thirty, before a contrivance in the wall by which he could look into the outer office, without himself being seen.

He seemed very much struck by the beauty of the two ladies who had called upon him. One piercing glance at the gentleman escorting them satisfied him in that direction, and he returned to the more congenial occupation of contrasting the rival types of feminine loveliness—a pure blonde and a glowing brunette.

Within struck up an acquaintance with the broker's clerk, Vesey learned that Mr. Harney had been ailing of late. Early in December—in fact, on the first or second of the month—a spell of indisposition had confined him to his house for a week or ten days, and he had not been up since.

Next James Vesey had a spy in the very cleft of the person of a household servant.

From this source he learned that the cotton-broker not infrequently occupied his library until far into the night, when an ear at the key-hole might hear him pacing incessantly up and down, muttering to himself and moaning as if in great distress.

Lastly, the detective had Paul Harney under personal surveillance, from the time he left his paternal home in the morning until he had returned to it for the night.

For six weeks he discovered absolutely nothing.

The suspense told upon Sibyl, in an unwonted pallor of the cheek and, when she was not dissembling lightness of spirits in Egbert's presence, in an air of waiting, even waiting.

Putting her own trouble aside, Adele devoted herself to the task of cheering the sorely-troubled detective.

M. Bourdoine was extravagant in his impatience, called the detective and his assistants dandies, and finally worked himself up to such a pitch, between his anxiety for his pupil and his own impatience of delay, that he set himself to watch Paul Harney.

The latter retraced his steps until he reached the discomfited Frenchman.

"Ah! M. Longue Jacque!" cried M. Bourdoine, impulsively, and then—not because he recognized his assailant, since in fact he had not seen him, but remembering that he was now again hostile to the gambler—he bowed stiffly and passed on.

Long Jack looked after him, greatly puzzled.

"What has he to do with her?" he muttered, and after a moment's thought brought his hands together with a sharp concussion, by way of accompaniment to a round oath.

Meanwhile the detective had scored a point.

"Ah! my dear Long Jack! we seem to be coming to you at last. Come! come! three notes."

"My darling, I cannot have your health undermined. Let us go away from here, where your anxiety will not be so constantly on the strain. The detectives can work just as well without our immediate presence."

"Yes."

"The young man whom we assume to have been a possible accomplice—Ah! is he still living?"

"Yes."

"His present occupation?"

"He is a professional gambler."

"Ah! in the city?"

"I do not know where he is."

"Last seen?"

"In Memphis."

"How long since?"

"Three months."

"He might be found somewhere on the river, I reckon."

"I think that he pursues his calling on the boats between St. Louis and New Orleans."

"The messenger boy is still living?"

"Sibyl's heart rose in her throat, as she thought how near he had been to death."

"Is he accessible?"

"It is necessary."

"You suspect no one else of complicity in the affair, or of knowledge of it in any way?"

"No."

The detective tapped his desk with his penholder, and thought.

His visitors hung in breathless suspense.

Presently he looked up and fixed his eyes on Sibyl's face.

"Madam," he said, "you must not be too sanguine of success."

"We are not," said Sibyl.

"Nineteen years ago is a very long time."

"I grant it."

"And much of the evidence that might have existed then may now be hopelessly destroyed."

"We have considered that."

"If you were seeking to recover money," pursued the detective.

"I should call it the poorest of your business. But recovery is another step."

"People are not always disposed to limit its value by a fixed sum. However, I find it my duty to say to you that unless you can afford to throw away hundreds, or perhaps thousands of dollars, without advancing one step toward the attainment of your object, you had better not embark in this undertaking."

"Money is no object to us. We shall not count the cost. All we desire is the knowledge that everything has been done that can be done to accomplish the end."

"After spending ten thousand dollars and a year of time, I will you, you may stand just where you do to-day."

"Oh! it is as hopeless as that?" sighed Adele.

"That is the dark side of the picture," said Sibyl firmly.

"Yes," admitted the detective.

"Now where

THE DESERTED NEST.

BY D. CHANNIN ROBIE.

Where are the robins that early in spring
Built their nest in the maple tree?
No longer at even I hear them sing
Their sweet strains of melody.

From my window I watched them, day by day,
As they toiled in the maple tree;
Now placing a straw here and there, then away
For more they went merrily.

When the nest was done they were proud, I know,
For louder they piped their notes.

As from branch to bough they hopped to and fro,
Pouring music from their red throats.

Soon a little blue egg in the nest was laid;

Then caroled the robins the more;
And so they kept happily on, till they made
The eggs in the nest to count four.

By turns they would sit on the nest, and gaze
Down at my window for hours.

Sitting or singing throughout the bright days
That were sweet with blossoming flowers.

A few weeks passed, and then there arose
A chirrup within the nest;

And soon o'er the edge a moving thing shows
The form of a little red-breast!

The old birds hunted along the roadside,
And flew back with a chirp or a worm;

Then four little mouths were opened wide
To await their appointed turn.

So the day went on and the little things
Feed'd out, and the nest was filled;

They crowded and cattered, and fluttered their
wings.

While the old robins warbled and trilled.

Then the young birds flew from the parent nest,
And lonely the old ones grew;

They lingered awhile, then started in quest
Of the trunks; it was their adieu!

Now the nest is silent, deserted and lone;
No more in the maple tree

Do I hear the caroling, sweet silver tone
Of the robins' clear melody.

Thus ever it is; we thoughtlessly go
From the sheltering parent nest,

Out into the world, with its coldness and woe,
From the hearts that love us the best.

There cometh a day we shall cease to roam;
There will be dearth of sorrow and tears

When we gather to dwell in that other home

Through the Master's eternal years!

Typical Women.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,
The Queen of Tragedy.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WHO shall succeed Siddons?

The world asked that question when the great tragedienne passed forever from the stage, little dreaming that a poor, broken-down operasinger—and a typical Yankee girl at that—was to be successor.

But as poets are born not made, so of actors. That Yankee girl, coming of real old Puritan stock, was born to "act;" and though all her early training was utterly at variance with the demands of the stage, a knowledge of the drama, and a taste for scenic art, yet the genius for dramatic expression was in her, and the actress came to her surprise, for she was driven to the stage—an accident drove the world its latest queen of tragedy, as we shall see.

Charlotte Saunders Cushman, born in Boston July 23d, 1816, came of "Roundhead" blood—being the eighth generation descendant of that Robert Cushman who, with William Brewster, organized the first Puritan colony of New England. From such stock she could hardly be otherwise than of orthodox Puritan views, which embraced, besides the articles of covenant, a special aversion for the stage, and a firm belief that an actor was bound as straight for perdition as a good Calvinist for Paradise.

Charlotte was the eldest of four children. Her father was a well-to-do merchant, who "brought up" his family judiciously and honorably, according to the best New England standard; but the great misfortune of his death plunged the family into the sorrows of distress and poverty, and it then became necessary for Charlotte, though then but sixteen years of age, to turn what strength and talent she had to aid in supporting the others.

Her most apparent resource lay in her voice, which was a contralto of peculiar *timbre* and of rare range. But circumscribed by Boston prejudices against the step, she could only look to the choir, or at most to the concert in oratorio. She acted promptly. After a few weeks' training she took her place in a Boston church and almost at once attracted notice. A wealthy gentleman plead for the privilege of educating her musically, and with his well-timed assistance Charlotte pursued a thorough course of instruction—meanwhile singing frequently in concert, greatly to the pleasure of all music-lovers. Then there appeared in Boston the then quite famous soprano singer, Mrs. Joseph Wood, who, hearing Miss Cushman in oratorio, unhesitatingly pronounced her voice to be "the finest contralto in America;" and at her earnest persuasion the Puritan girl was induced to enter upon study for the operas. Friends protested, for was not opera *acting* and was not that one of the seven abominations?

But such opposition had no terrors for her, now that her ambition was fully awakened, and her capabilities made evident. In childhood she had shown a strong will that girlhood had not tamed. She said of herself:

"I was an awful child, full of irresistible life and impulsive will; living fully in the present, looking neither before nor after, as ready to execute as to conceive; full of imagination." In her young womanhood she was not less self-assertive. Indeed, that trait strengthened with her years. To resolve upon a course was to do it. Having made up her mind to succeed on the operatic stage, her humble profession of music-teacher and choir singer was abandoned, and for two years she studied for the lyric stage with such ardor as the musical culture of Boston then afforded.

Her first appearance in opera was her *debut* at the Tremont theater, Boston, in April 1825—she then being nineteen years of age. Her success was quite astonishing. Her voice was superb, and her acting in "Figaro" so full of energy and the exquisite spirit of true art, that she made not merely a hit but a profound impression. Her friends then realized how proper had been her choice of profession.

This season's success was followed by an engagement for the "operatic season" in New Orleans—the only city in the country boasting an opera-house, and having its regular "seasons." Her appearance there in the fall of 1825 was equally a success at first, but, to her dismay, her voice began to fail; under the energetizing influence of the climate the usually rich lower notes of her register almost utterly left her! With the *pluck* which ever characterized her, the young cantatrice undertook the fatiguing task, and for two years she studied the unnatural strain, soon told upon her and it became evident to her and her friends that her voice was indeed broken, perhaps irreversibly so.

Her grief over this catastrophe we can well surmise was intense. At the very opening of a career which gave promise of fame and fortune to see the prize wrested from her, and to know that thenceforth her walk in life must be the humble one of music-teacher was indeed torture to a soul so brave and ambitious.

In her misery, again a "professional" came to her aid. Wm. E. Burton, the comedian, was then playing in New Orleans. He had seen Charlotte repeatedly, in her operatic characters, and had formed an opinion regarding her dramatic capabilities which he now came forward to urge.

"You are, Miss Cushman, a born actress; your place is not on the operatic boards but in the theater; if you will once make the effort to

test your powers your success will prove what I say, and instead of your loss of singing voice being a calamity it will have been a blessing in disguise."

She was away from Boston and the friends whose horror of the theatrical stage would have led them to wish her in her grave rather than inflict on them the *disgrace* of an actress's career. She was in a strange city, poor, afflicted and hopeless. Burton's genial face and cordial words of encouragement came to her like the friendly hand to the drowning wretch. She grasped at the hand and, behold!—a new world to her—a new star in the firmament for the people—almost at a step Charlotte Cushman was famous.

Under Burton's advice and direction she struck for the loftiest character for her *debut*: *Lady Macbeth*. She had not the benefit of teacher or trainer. She was too poor to hire private apartments for study and practice. On the hour of the garret of her boarding-house she sat, by hours, poring over her task of "committing" her part and efforts for its interpretation. She had seen it played often enough, by the old-fashioned, romantic school of actors, but only to her disgust. Studying the part, in her garret, she soon began to see Shakespeare's magnificent creation in the light of her own genius; little by little Lady Macbeth grew into her very soul—a living creature; she was, to the enthusiastic girl, so real that Charlotte was ceaselessly thinking of her, awake, and dreaming of her, asleep. Never having seen Siddons, the New England girl was turned in upon herself, wholly, to interpret the character and embody its action.

That ignorance of models and absence of teachers, added to her own remarkable force of character, gave us Charlotte Cushman's *Lady Macbeth*, something so new, so grand, so sustaining that when presented, in London, to Siddons's own audience, the verdict was final—it was the finest impersonation of the character ever accomplished.

Her first appearance at Caulfield's theater, New Orleans, in the spring of 1826, was a great event. Intense interest had already been excited by the rumor that the songstress was to abandon the operatic boards for the stage, and the night of her *debut* witnessed the abandonment of the opera-house for the theater by the best people of the city. The place was "jammed," and never was audience more astonished. "They were soon appalled," we are told, "by the powers which Charlotte Cushman exhibited." It was like a revelation to them. Never had they seen such acting. "She made the people understand the character that Shakespeare drew; she was neither stilted, nor mock-heroic, nor monotonous, but so fiercely, so vividly natural that the spectators were afraid of her as they would have been of a pantheress let loose."

That success of course determined her career. No thought now of her lost notes. Her vocalization, however, had been a fine training for her enunciation, and her voice owed much of its wondrous expression to her musical practice and culture. Who can ever forget that voice after having heard it in *Lady Macbeth*, *Meg Merriles*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*? Sweet and low, as a summer song, or loud and deep as the roar of the tempest, it swept the whole range of expression from gentleness and pathos to terror and tragedy.

She was now the Star of American boards. After a splendid season in New Orleans she came North and played in New York, first in the Old Bowery, and then a long season at the Park, supporting Forrest in all his great parts, *Vivian Grey*, *Learn, Servia to Virginia*, *Priestess to his Bride*, *Portia*, *Queen of Sheba*, *House*, etc., etc., and in the winter of 1827-8 carrying this support to his *Othello*, *Gladiator*, *Damon*, *Melomara*, *William Tell*, *Richard III*, and *Coriolanus*.

To trace her career from this point onward is to record one unending series of stage triumphs. When Macready came to America she was called upon to sustain him, and so well did she do this that that great actor found himself not the lone star of the evening. He was very much of a gentleman and had no feeling of envy for the Yankee girl's equal share in the public applause. By his advice and confident prediction of victory, she ventured to cross the water and strike for the place that, since Siddons's death, no woman had presumed to fill. This was in the fall of 1844. It was a great venture, indeed. Alone she entered the old city of London with the then very strong prejudice against every thing American to overcome and a special contention for Yankee playrights to obtain.

She was poor enough to be compelled to take humble lodgings. The support of mother and sisters had drawn heavily upon her earnings, splendid wardrobes had made incessant demands upon her income. But Macready's decided endorsement won her a ready hearing, and at her first appearance at the Princess theater she created quite a sensation as *Blanca* in Milman's *Fazio*; but her *Lady Macbeth*, which soon followed, to Forrest's *Macbeth*, made her "the rage." She became the town's talk. The press was full of her. The staid monthlies and quartetlies took it up in discussions of her conception and embodiments of characters old to the stage but so wholly new and unconventional in their rendering. For three years she reigned there, the conceded queen of tragedy, and returned to America in 1829, confirmed in her great fame, rich in gold and with a personal reputation that shed lustre on her calling.

After "starring" it through the States for several years, she returned to England in 1832, where for three years more she was the particular attraction of the theatrical and social world; and then, weary with her labors, satisfied with triumph that left no more honors to be won, and rich in purse, she turned her face toward Rome, having in view a permanent residence there, amid associations and surroundings that, to one of her fine tastes, would be immeasurably satisfying. "She was then," says a reviewer, "in the fullness of her powers. In her personal appearance there was a winning charm far above mere beauty of feature. She had a stately presence, a movement always graceful and impressive, a warm, healthy complexion, wavy, chestnut hair, and magnificent eyes. Go where she might, she was always the commanding queen in every scene."

Her great intellectual force was blended with singular sweetness and sympathy, producing an attraction which none but the coldest natures could resist."

In her beautiful home in Rome she dispensed an elegant hospitality, and many a struggling artist owed to her kindly sympathy and aid in time of need. But, one born to the stage, and once having tasted the ravishing draught of its excitement, cannot long dwell in the quiet content of a quiet home, and Charlotte Cushman was no exception to the rule; for she broke up the monotony of her peaceful life by reappearances both on the English and American stages—after short seasons returning to her lovely villa at the base of the Pincian Hill, so renowned in history. At the breaking out of our terrible civil war, she came again to America and greatly contributed to the success of the noble theater.

After that stage was forbidden to her, still full of the old fire, returning to America, she gave "Readings," which were exceedingly popular; and, finally, despite her physical suffering from incurable disease, she undertook a series of farewell engagements. At her last appearance in New York (at Booth's theater, Saturday night, November 7th, 1874) she was publicly crowned, the aged poet, Bryant, placing the laurel crown on her head, and after other beautiful and appropriate ceremonies, she was drawn to her hotel by her admirers' own hands.

It was a fitting close to a great career. She attempted the tour of the States, but, early in 1875, was compelled by physical disability to return to her villa at Newport. The succeeding winter she went to Boston and there died, on the morning of February 18th, 1876.

MAUD OF SHENANDOAH.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

I know thou art a dark-eyed forest queen;
On thy brow shines a crown of scarlet leaves;
The wind wafts away to me, unseen,
Bright gleanings from among sweet memory's sheaves.
Shenandoah stream, along the lowlands, gently flowing,
Reflects thy form at even's holy time;
The wild rose amid the valleys growing,
Greets thee as the vesper wakes the chime.
Thy song, like the harp-chord's gentle quiver,
Hails the morning as she sits upon the hill;
As the mist, slowly rising from the river,
Shows the old tower of the oldest mill,
Of thy intense to the coming of the sun,
While the dew sparkles bright upon the thorn,
And the matin calls the fairies, one by one,
To their haunts amid the fields of golden corn.
An ideal thou must be of the poet's mystic love,
When he saw upon the summit high of fame,
A being clad in beauteous rainbow sheen,
Who wrote upon the column the letters of his name,
I wish in shining characters upon fame's mighty scroll.
No encomium upon the walls of art—
If but my name may be an echo in thy soul,
And engraven on the tablets of thy heart!

Whom Will She Marry?
OR,
BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."

A soft tap upon the door, to which a low, stifled voice called:

"Come in."

Mr. Jack Prentiss, at that, walked into the small, plain apartment, carrying with him a smiling face, a great cluster of rosebuds and violets, and the clinging freshness of the balmy, sunshiny spring day.

"Oh, is it you?" cried the lonely occupant of the room, a petite, girlish figure lying upon the bed, stretching out her hand, and bursting into a storm of sobs that shook her slight frame convulsively.

"Nita! Nita! What does this mean? Are you not glad I am come? What has happened?"

"Nita, you were weeping before I came in. What was the matter? Will you try to tell me?"

"Everything," sobbed the girl, despairingly.

"You are not worse, are you?"

"I cannot dance any more. I was dismissed, finally, a week ago, and I suppose they were very good to bear with me so long. I have tried for something else to do, but could get nothing; and yesterday and to-day the pain in my side has been too bad, and I have been too weak, to get out of the house."

"Do not worry about work, Nita, until you are quite well again."

"I shall never be well again, Mr. Prentiss"—growing suddenly, desperately calm, but speaking with a little hoarse shiver.

"I am going to die, I feel it as surely as if I was dead. I have no one to care for me, and it is so dreadful to think of."

"Nita, you were weeping before I came in. What was the matter? Will you try to tell me?"

"I must. Mr. Withers will turn me out of the house if I do not get out of it, and I have nowhere to go—no one to go to!"

Oh! the pitiful, pitiful, woefulness of Nita's voice. It wrung Jack Prentiss's generous heart, and almost brought the tears to his liquid dark eyes.

"Nita, it is because you are not able longer to pay the rent?"

The girl assented with a quick, despairing, shame-faced glance, a crimson glow suffusing her delicate face, which had grown sadly wan and thin since that night when Mr. Prentiss had first seen her journeying, alone, through the stormy winter's night.

"I have tried to be so economical," she explained, in a low, shy way. "I might have got along with a little hoarse shiver, but I am going to die, I feel it as surely as if I was dead."

"Going to hospital? Never, Nita!"

"I must. Mr. Withers will turn me out of the house if I do not get out of it, and I have nowhere to go—no one to go to!"

She was poor enough to be compelled to take humble lodgings. The support of mother and sisters had drawn heavily upon her earnings, splendid wardrobes had made incessant demands upon her income. But Macready's decided endorsement won her a ready hearing, and at her first appearance at the Princess theater she created quite a sensation as *Blanca* in Milman's *Fazio*; but her *Lady Macbeth*, which soon followed, to Forrest's *Macbeth*, made her "the rage." She became the town's talk. The press was full of her. The staid monthlies and quartetlies took it up in discussions of her conception and embodiments of characters old to the stage but so wholly new and unconventional in their rendering. For three years she reigned there, the conceded queen of tragedy, and returned to America in 1829, confirmed in her great fame, rich in gold and with a personal reputation that shed lustre on her calling.

Nita took them from his hands with an eloquent, grateful glance and laid them upon her lips; and, stirred by some swift, pitying emotion, Jack Prentiss stooped and lifted the flowers and left a caress there, instead. It was the first liberty this handsome lawyer, so much the peer of the friendless ballet-dancer, had ever taken; and the pure-souled little Bohemian girl understood the manly reverence with which it had been bestowed, and never thought of resenting the act. It filled her soul with delicious tumult, though, as yet, she was scarcely conscious of how her heart had gone out in utter love for this man. She told herself the kiss was a mere token of friendship; but friendship, even, to the lonely Nita was new, and strange, and sweet.

"Bethel, does Max Duncan love you?"
Miss Foss's oval cheeks flushed to the deepest shade of scarlet.

"Louie?" she cried, with strangely-troubled, flashing eyes. "He has never loved me, and now I think he almost hates me!"

"Why? Do not answer me like a girl—that you do not know; tell me the truth."

"I suppose he thinks, as almost every one does, that I ran away from Greenwilde to escape with Rial Andral; that I love him yet—and so he despises me! Oh, if he could only know the truth, and believe in me!"

"And you did not?"

"No; I was engaged to Mr. Andral—I regretted it, but I have regretted it—and I know he was going to Europe. I wanted to break the engagement before he went," explained Beth, with bitter earnestness.

"And the engagement is broken now?" queried Beata.

"Not yet!" with almost despairing emphasis.

"Not yet—and you do not love this man?"

"No! No! I shall free myself as soon as I can."

"As soon as you can," repeated Miss Hallgarten. "Has Madame De Witt had anything to do with this?"

Beth confessed to the interview she had held with her mother upon New Year night concerning her engagement to Max, and the lateness of the hour, concluded, as she arose:

"I suppose she knew best—though these months have been almost unbearable. How I wish I had told you before—it is such a relief to have some one to whom I can tell the misery and the truth!"

The calm, majestic Miss Hallgarten did a strange thing. She caught Bethel in her arms, pressed a kiss upon her brow, and said, solemnly:

"Child, you can commit no greater crime than to marry a man you do not love. Let no one—nothing induce you to do it! Think of that until you see me again—and come soon."

As when Bethel was gone, she said, thoughtfully:

"I must send for Max," and sat at her desk and wrote:

"Max Duncan, I wish to see you. Come soon,
BEATA HALLGARTEN."

And, the note being sealed and stamped, the small maid sent to post it; but before it reached Max Duncan, the next morning, several events had occurred, strangely affecting the interests of the writer and those two upon whom her strong, hidden passions centered.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

A GONE CASE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Soft-hearted he was, and did sigh
A good deal like a scythe,
Because his love for Anna By
Forbade him being blithe.
And when little one old eye
Full often made him writhe.

He thought he had better not to see
The dearest earthly scene,
And longed with that girl to agree;
She thought he was a green;
Away from her she longed to be,
And didn't care a bean.

He saw his hope could never grow
And uttered many a groan,
Although his heart was just like tow
Ignited by his love to glow;
And if she wouldn't love him, lo!
He'd feel himself alone.

She said of hope he'd not a ray,
And so his eyes did rain;
He knew his efforts did not pay
In any coil but pain,
And lonely by himself did stray
Just like a sorrowful mule.

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And if she wouldn't love him

OH, SAY NOT SO!
ADDRESSED TO O. J.

BY MARA.

"Oh, restless heart, turn, turn away;
If Love is wanting, turn to day.

If Love is wanting! Say not so;
So much of joy we miss;
So much of grief and pain we have,
Our poor spirit can't bear this;

Let us believe, what'er our lot,
That Love is the whole weaves us not.

Love is life. It can't be wanting.

Gift from the hand Divine,

Beautiful flower from Eden's bower,

Meant to be mine and thine,

Doubtless? Look in the blue above;

Read in its depths that "God is Love."

Sweet flowers that grace our woods and vales,

Dear, limpid, laughing rills,

Give faith in universal Love,

As it is as our granite hills,

Aside from need and rite we look,

And take our all from Nature's book.

Don't be the over-rolling Love—

Don't be; for hearts like thine,

Allied to Nature, never miss

Love, human or Divine.

On earth below, in heaven above,

The ruling power of life is Love."

Kitty's Entanglement.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You will never make a decent match in the world," said Mrs. Price, who was severely indrawn behind the coffee-urn.

Breakfast was late that morning. Jack had finished his, but remained buried in the depths of the morning paper, and Mrs. Price was about to ring for the second time when the tardy members of the family made their appearance—two very pretty girls of nearly the same age, one petite, dimpled and rosy, the other tall and fair—respectively Kitty Gordon and Lucille Mayo, niece and youngest sister of Mrs. Price.

It was upon Kitty's willful head that the tide of the morning's indignation was turned.

"You flushed outrageously last night, Kitty Gordon. How long do you expect me to put up with such conduct? If it means dependent for the bread I eat, I'd try to be grateful for what was done for me. But you'll miss your mark, young lady, let me tell you. You'll never make a decent match in the world."

Jack put down his paper and laid a protecting arm across the back of Kitty's chair.

"Don't be too sure of that, mother," said he, quietly. "And don't you badger the poor little girl. Kitty has agreed to marry me."

It was a bomb which took Mrs. Price altogether unawares. She might storm as she liked after that; Jack was immovable as a rock.

"But, oh dear! oh dear! there'll be no living in the house with her for a week," confided Kitty to Lucille—who was not like herself, a permanent fixture in the house—when they were safe in the latter's room. "She won't say nuffin' when he is around, but I'll have it all to myself for when he isn't. I don't know what I'll do."

"Come with me to help keep house for Mrs. Fawcett," suggested Lucille. "She will be gone a month, and I have promised to take charge for her. Elinor will get over her vexation and be ready to make the best of things by the time we are home again."

"Don't make much difference whether she does or not," muttered Lucy, with a defiant toss of the head; "I sha'n't mind aunt Elinor's scolding when she can't do any harm by it."

"Any harm?" questioned Miss Mayo, with a look of surprise. "You are sure of Jack, I suppose? Is there anything else the matter?"

They had been three days in Mrs. Fawcett's house before Kitty fairly answered that question. She was fidgeting about the parlor, now standing at the piano fingering the keys, now treading the carpet which hung head downward from its gilded ring, now looking pensively out of the window, Miss Mayo, who was calmly embroiling moss-roses on silk tapestry and giving very little heed to her restless companion.

"Lucille Mayo, I wonder if you know what trouble is?"

"Why, Kitty? Tell me yours if you are ready."

"You are *too* provoking," exclaimed Kitty, half-laughing, half-crying. "I'm in a dreadful scrape. I wouldn't let Jack know it for the world, but I'm engaged to another man."

"Engaged?" Kitty Gordon!

"Now, if you're going to scold," cried Kitty, hysterically, "I'll just give up. I don't care what becomes of me. You might wait till you hear how it happened before you snap me up like that."

Lucille laid down her work and folded her hands.

"Well, well," said she, soothingly; "tell me, dear."

"It was when I was at school," Kitty began her confession. "You don't know what times we had; up to anything for the sake of fun, and—and—one night another girl and myself slipped out of a back window and went to a masquerade ball. You may depend upon it we had things gay, but we got caught, going home. It makes me sick only to think of it. The professor had found us out and was on the watch for us, and we were marched off to his study, and Mary Foster, the mean thing! out and told that I had coaxed her into it, and she got off with a lecture and being kept as a prisoner within the limits of the grounds for a certain length of time, while I was expelled from the school."

"Lucille, I was nearly dead with fright. You can guess what aunt Elinor would have said. I first declared I couldn't go home in disgrace, and I flung myself down on Gordon's sofa and cried until that grim old professor came and put his hand on my head. 'My child,' he said, 'you must tell he was softening, and next thing he was calling me 'darling Kitty' and telling me that he loved me, and I—I was just desperate, and promised to marry him if he would let me stay. I meant to get out of it before I should leave school, but, somehow, I didn't, and he has been writing to me and means to come and make me fulfil my promise."

"But, Kitty, if you write him the truth, that don't care for him, he will surely release you."

"I did," explained Kitty, confusedly; "but you see I had hinted that my friends would be apt to interfere, and he thinks I am being unduly influenced, and says he will rescue me from the tyrant. It was the luckiest chance that Mrs. Fawcett should go away this week, and I have fixed it is to be here to-morrow to see my aunt—that's you, Lucille—and you must just tell him anything to send him away, but don't for pity's sake breathe a word that will take him to aunt Elinor or cousin Jack. She would make me marry him out of spite, and Jack would be angry and let me. You will help me out of it, won't you, Lucille?"

And in the end Lucille promised, though not without some misgivings.

"I am to understand that I was simply made the tool of your niece, Miss Mayo; that, having served her turn and purposes, she proposes to discard me without any further ceremony. Pardon me for asking, if that is the case, why she troubled herself to keep up the deceit?"

It came over Lucille Mayo as she stood before him that possibly Kitty had not been quite frank regarding her own share in the tender transaction. This was a very different order of man from the person she had expected to see. Not over thirty, with frank eyes just now holding an angle-right, and a striking rather than a handsome face, he was a far remove from the "grim old professor" she had mentally pictured, evidently not a man who would be lightly trifled with.

"I cannot take any second-hand assurance re-

garding a change in her which she herself has given me no reason to think has taken place," declared Professor Steele, when he had listened to the somewhat faltering statement she had made.

"But," said Miss Mayo, considerably disturbed, "Kitty absolutely refuses to see you. How can I convince you that it is her wish?" Then more firmly: "I must say, sir, I have been led to believe that you took undue advantage of the influence you would naturally have over her and the strait she was in, but as a gentleman you will surely not refuse her the release she implores."

"I took advantage!" began Professor Steele, hotly, but he repressed his anger with a visible effort. "I have been led to believe that some attempt would be made to coerce Kitty into giving me up." "I think I can overrule any objections you may entertain to me personally, Miss Mayo. At an early rate, my dismission, if I receive it, must come from her hands."

It seemed to Captain Steele that there was nothing to be done but to let him have his way. Consequently Professor Steele remained to dinner, and Kitty came fluttering down in her prettiest dress, sweet, smiling and shy, and the evening was not half over before Lucille detected that, instead of giving him his quietus, she was flirting desperately with the present lover, while the absent one seemed to have been obliterated from her thoughts. Lucille looked on, indignant and amazed. It was incomprehensible conduct to her, knowing as she did that Kitty's affections were really fixed upon Jack.

"I can't help it," the pretty culprit protested, after the visitor had taken his departure and the two girls were alone for the night. "I tried to tell him how it was, but he had so much to say about his faith in me that I really couldn't. He seems to think that it is a great up-hill job to get me to Jack, says he won't let it be done, and now it's a thousand times worse than before for he is going to the hotel till everything is settled. He is to come again to-morrow, but I won't see him: he *must* go away and let me alone."

Yet she was ready to receive him next morning, spreading her shining snares anew. Time went on, but only served to show more clearly the weak inconsistency of the girl's nature. She would cry and be all repentance one hour, only to dry her tears and flirt again if the professor appeared the next. From blaming her severely, Lucille began to pity her, and met him one day with her own resolution formed.

"Professor Steele," said she, "you are letting me do nothing herself and you the greatest injustice. She is engaged to her cousin and loves him I do believe, but she is a born coquette and cannot resist the temptation to flirt though it should destroy her happiness. I will act once, Garcia!"

"You are Pretty Lucy, then?" eagerly said Inez.

"Yes, lady! Now let him go—please let him go, and even the wicked buccaneers will pray for and bless you!" pleaded Nellie.

"This is a bold, desperate game to play, and you shall not lose if I can aid you. I will act at once, Garcia!"

"Well, Senorita Inez," and a soldier came in from the hallway.

"Bid Captain Alfuerte come here, and also Lieutenant Redmond, the American officer with him—ah! they are here."

"Senorita, in the absence of your uncle I cannot let the prisoner go, even though I would like to, under the circumstances," said Edward Alfuerte, entering the room, accompanied by the supposed Ross Redmond.

"Then I will take the responsibility, *senor capitán*. I know why the prisoner is wanted. Please have him brought at once from his dungeon, and I will report it to my uncle."

The aide bowed and retired, with the look upon his face that the maiden was taking a great deal upon herself; but he said nothing, and in fifteen minutes more, the supposed Americans passed out of the Moro gateway, with Rafael the Rover between them.

At a glance the chief had recognized Roy Woodbridge, Nellie, and the men; but no sign of recognition, and when they reached the boat in safety, and were soon aboard the lugger, which at once got under way and headed out of the harbor, Mabel Markham stood on deck as she glided by the Sea Hawk, and rejoicing in her heart at the escape of the man she now loved with all the intensity of her passionate nature.

As the lugger disappeared in the gloom, seaward, Mabel Markham turned and greeted her father and Lieutenant Edmunds, who just then came on board, and as she looked her eyes fell on a dark, cloaked form that was brought up and laid on the deck.

"It is the body of Melville; we will bury it to-morrow with honors," said her father, and with a shudder the maiden descended to the cabin and her state-room, just as a fleet-sailing *carera* flew down the harbor, going seaward with all sail set.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHAPTER XLII.

AS DESPERATE GAME FOR LIFE.

WHEN Bancroft Edmunds had said to Inez, he would perhaps return to the castle that night he little knew the sorrow his second visit would cause her, when he came, accompanied by Captain Markham, and with Rafael the Rover as a prisoner.

Fortunately General Sebastian was absent, gone to see the Governor-General on business, and Inez was saved from then betraying her knowledge of the prisoner, as he stood before her, no sign upon his stern, handsome face showing that he had ever before seen her.

"Senors, I regret my uncle's absence; I will tell him I love an officer on board the Sea Hawk, Bancroft Edmunds by name—love him because he killed Paul Melville; but, go on, and tell the captain," said the delighted lieutenant.

Rafael caught the low voice, and his eyes flashed, yet his face remained cold and stern before.

"Be seated, senors; my uncle will return soon, perhaps. Ah! here is Captain Alfuerte, *senor capitán*, Captain Markham has brought you a prisoner; please see that he is confined securely until my uncle returns to dispose of him."

"That is what I say, captain. Now I will tell you something of this little girl," and Roy Woodbridge made known the secret of Nellie's life, and his love for her.

"Forgive me, Nellie, for once having wronged you in thought. Now, Woodbridge, I intend returning to the island, to get my father, if he will go, and sail for the States, where I intend to settle down to an honorable life, for I have some money that I never won under the Red Anchor flag—enough to support me, and you and Nellie, and your mother, too, Nellie, if she should go with us. What say you?"

"The very thing, captain! but I have already told you of my life, and yet I have told you of my past life, and we are to keep the affair secret; I should have the honor of your name, and the rank," replied Bancroft Edmunds, and the two officers then went down to the stone stairway, and ordered the coxswain of the waiting cutter to meet them at another pier, after which they started for the city.

They had been gone but a short while when a boat landed at the sea way.

It contained six oarsmen, and ten other persons besides—two of them being naval officers of the United States, judging from their uniform, as seen by the lantern above the stairs, and a third dressed as a marine sergeant. Then there were six marines, and the coxswain of the boat.

"Now, men, be as careful as possible, for all depends upon our behavior and coolness," said the naval lieutenant, and taking the arm of his companion, a midshipman, he said, simply: "Come!"

The sergeant and his marines, armed with muskets, followed the two officers, and in a short while they presented themselves at the huge gateway of the gloomy prison.

The guard allowed them to enter, and halting at the quarters of the commandant, the lieutenant

handed a card to a servant, begging that it be given to the general.

"The general is absent, senor," returned the servant with an answer.

"Ask to see Senorita Revilla," quickly whispered the midshipman.

The officer immediately asked that the card be returned to the Senorita Inez, and he requested to walk in, the midshipman following.

"You would see me, the commandante?" said Inez Revilla, rising, as the two officers entered the room.

"Yes, lady, but I am told he is not here at present. I returned from the Sea Hawk, at the request of Captain Markham, to ask General Sebastian to allow me to take the prisoner, Rafael the Rover, back on board the vessel, to obtain from him some valuable testimony which he alone can give."

"She is at the chief's cabin, senorita," said a buccaneer.

"And my father?" asked Rafael.

"Up at the cabin," was the answer.

Dreadful evil, Rafael and Nellie walked rapidly on and soon reached the quarters of the chief.

The door was open, and just within lay a form upon a cot, while beside it knelt Mad Maud

face pale and tear-stained.

"You have come too late; he is dead."

"Dead, Maud! My father dead?" cried Rafael, kneeling by the cot.

"Yes; he grieved so for you that he brought on hemorrhage from his wound, and it killed him—your father and my husband."

"Woman, what mean you? This is no time for you to show your madness," said Rafael, sternly.

"Rafael Mordaunt, I am not mad. *I was* mad, oh, yes; but the fire has gone from my brain, and I am now sane, and I tell you that Pretty Nellie became the wife of Roy Woodbridge, and Mabel Markham married the man whose life she had saved, and who was once known as Rafael the Rover."

"No, you have already surmised this ending, and I will say *adios!*

morning—and in that boat were two persons well known to the reader—Roy Woodbridge and Rafael Mordaunt.

Kind reader, who has sailed with me o'er so many leagues of sea, and gone with me through so many scenes of danger, need I tell you now that Pretty Nellie became the wife of Roy Woodbridge, and Mabel Markham married the man whose life she had saved, and who was once known as Rafael the Rover?

No, you have already surmised this ending, and I will say *adios!*

THE END.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-parcel measurement.

An Encyclopædia of Song!

THE WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

Behold, beside the garden gate,
A bright-eyed cherub, lonely, stands
At eve, when Naiads contemplate
Their shining waves and golden sands,
And wood-nymphs, fair, in secret surprise,
From their banks in haste retire.
Day's great king deludes their eyes,
And makes the leaves appear on fire.
The shepherd drives his fleecy charge
Athwart the fair and verdant vale,
The bridle, the brawling kine discharge
Their inditors into Mary's pail.
The feathered choir, whose sweetest notes
In the forest have been heard, to-day,
Refresh this little, weary throat
In yonder cascade by the way.
Sweet Peace reposes over all,
And silence reassumes her sway;
The mill-wheel rests beside the wall,
The plow upon the second clay.
The brook's low murmur in the glen
Has calmed the piping of the morn,
Unbroken, save when in the fan
The croaking frog's low voice we hear.

But, these are all the sounds that mar
The solemn stillness of the scene,
While, here and there, a pallid star
Appears, to greet Night's coming Queen;
Whose light will cheer the gloomy mind,
Whence, maybe, some brave, hopeful band
Shall ne'er come back to friends again.

But, what induced that little lass
To go to yonder garden gate,
And there, half-covered by the grass,
To stay, so patiently, so late?
Lest, though he quiret even the shade,
A hero comes with measured tread,
And, on his shoulder, that true blade,
With which he lays the living dead.

But, though he cuts the living down,
No human blood lies on his hands;
In murder he finds no renown.
For he but battles with his lands.
No like scenes with meadow and age,
Send down before a regal throne,
To take the thanks of Majesty
For making wives and mothers moan.

The victor sees the little maid,
Whose ardent kisses now repay
The labors of his shining blade,
That mowed the sierred ranks to-day.
A hero comes with measured tread,
To still the commuring hero's train,
While, he is told in Story's page,
No tears are shedding for the slain.

And, at the vine-surrounded door
His wife receives him with a smile;
Nor is the baby, on the floor,
Climbing 'pon Papa's white.
For, see! it runs to it again,
To where it thinks his words resound,
As, with its little timid toes,
It tries, anon, to grasp the ground.

Columbia! may you depend,
Forevermore, on men like this,
But never need them to defend
The right you have to Freedom's bliss!
And, home, such brave soldiers find
In home's delight their best reward—
Their proper work, as God designed—
In cutting down the scented sword!

Tales of an Army Officer.

PASSING IN HIS CHECKS;

OR,
On the War-path with General Crook.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER, U. S. A.

It was the Centennial year—the 10th of September—that General Crook's command was on its way to the Black Hills. Captain Mills's Third Cavalry had gone ahead, to buy rations, at the first settlement, and bring them out to us. We were without food of any kind, and had been in this condition for days.

During the march horses were killed and butchered by the men, who were in a starving condition, and on our arrival in camp, that night, Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, made an issue of horse-meat to the command, the first issue of the kind ever made in the United States army.

I did not partake of this kind of food until the next day; there was something repulsive to me in eating our poor broken-down horses, who had carried us for so many weary miles, and by association in our hardships gained our love; still, the next issue was Indian pony meat, the necessity never existed, for which I am very thankful.

General Merritt, of the Fifth Cavalry, in my presence said: "That no horse was to be shot; that if a horse broke down you were to give him a chance by leaving him near water." Somebody said: "But, general, the Indians will get them."

"I do not care; they deserve a chance; life is as dear to them as to us."

I thought at the time that it spoke well for his humanity, for he who is not thoughtful in regard to the welfare of animals is considered to be a brute, and who neglects them, should be severely punished for such neglect, and no punishment can be severe enough. Pony meat is excellent; that is colt; and Captain Rodgers, who was fortunate enough to have some antelope steak, mixed it with pony, and could not tell the difference.

Shortly after leaving camp on the morning of the 11th, an order was passed back to "fall out" weak horses who could not make a forced march of twenty miles, and gradually the news came along the column:

"Mills had had a fight, and sent for reinforcements."

This news put life into the whole command, and no one wanted to "fall out," and many a bloody flank that day told how our men got through; for the ground, soaked with the continual rain we had had, was fearful for a forced march; horses sinking to their fetlocks, as they did at every step. It was while we were plowing along through the mud that I saw Frank White, the scout, on my left and quite near, and hailed him:

"Oh! Chips! you will never get through, on that horse, in time to take a hand!"

For Frank White, or "Buffalo Chips," as we called him, was mounted on the sorriest-looking beast I ever saw. He answered me—and from what happened afterward, his answer was impressed upon my mind—

"I'll be there in plenty of time to get my fill. I say, Cap, have you a small-size chew, about your person?"

"Only some dried sage; will that do?"

That was the last I beheld of White, until I saw him receive his death-shot. But, to continue:

Mills had indeed had a fight. With great good luck he had come across the village of "Roman Nose," containing over forty lodges, and approached together with a large herd of ponies. He lost his life in the combat. Among the lost was the gallant Lieutenant Von Luettwitz, Third United States Cavalry, who lost his leg, and the sufferings of this officer must have been something fearful, for we were obliged to carry him, on a *travois*, for nearly a hundred miles. As the head of our column reached the village sharp picket-firing was going on.

The Indians in the village were unusually rich; they had a full supply of everything for winter, buffalo-meat in profusion, robes in every state of being tanned, antelope and elk hides, dried berries, plums, and everything the heart could desire. *They're the Indian heart.*

Here we found a guide of the Seventh Cavalry, and a corn-mug marked Fort Buford, showing that these Indians were the Bufford's fight, as well as being those who captured the grain from Terry, at the mouth of Powder river.

In a ravine close to the village—you might say in it—some Indians had taken refuge, their number unknown, and they had wounded a

number of soldiers, who had had the temerity to approach too near. Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, and *aide-de-camp* to General Crook, determined to oust them; and a number of officers and men volunteered—myself among the number.

Frank White with the scouts had crept around the ravine, and gained a position in close proximity to the Indians; and as the bank they were on was higher than the one we were advancing to, had nearly a view of the Indians, and they had succeeded in driving away their fire. We hauled up, and told him, and the others who had kept up as steady a fire as they could to protect our advance; and then we went for it at a rush. The Indians laid low until we were almost upon them, when they opened: two of our men were instantly killed, but we kept up firing. I glanced across the ravine at the scouts when I saw Frank White and Baptiste Furrer, with cries like a mountain lion—when wounded—rise and jump for the ravine, quicker than thought—notwithstanding the deadly fire they were under. Up rose two Indians and fired. Frank threw up his hands, and with a shout that was heard throughout the command, said:

"I'm done; go for them, boys!" and he fell back dead.

Baptiste never flinched, but jumped at one of the Indians and raised his scabbard. If I live until my hair is gray, I never shall forget the picture he made. His face expressed concentrated hatred and revenge. We continued pouring fire on the huddled Indians, until the cry came:

"Stop, for God's sake, stop!"

Far above the din made by the carbines and revolvers could be heard the cries of women and the pitiful wail of infants.

Some daring officers at once jumped into the ravine and assisted in driving out a number of women and children. Among the latter was a baby a few days old, whose mother was dead. It was given to one of the squaws, but she carried it back into the ravine, laying it by its dead mother, and saying:

"I have no milk," and there it stayed for probably an hour.

The bucks had moved up the ravine about six or seven yards, and to their credit, let it be recorded, did not fire while the officers were aiding their women and children; showing in this way that they have not lost all chivalry in their contact with the "Agency squaw-men."

General Crook determined not to allow any

The Dark Lady of Dundee.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

"Then open your gates and let me ga' free,
For I canna' stay longer in Bonnie Dundee."
—SCOTT.

The very pink and flower of Scottish chivalry indeed was Roland Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who flourished during the days of Mary Queen of Scots.

A tall, well-built gentleman, just turned twenty-one at the time when the young Frenchwoman landed on the shores destined to prove so fatal to her; an acknowledged leader among the young "bloods" of the gay court—gay enough, indeed, during the early part of Mary's reign thanks to the sprightly French fashions which she introduced; and it was no wonder that the gossips of the capital looked anxiously to see if she had come the viscount would honor with his attentions.

And the most unlikely lady of all the fair ones of the brilliant court, so the gossips declared, the young nobleman selected.

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He had previously lodged quite near the palace, in the principal street, and was always well surrounded by attendants; but now, all of a sudden, he dismissed his followers, took apartments in an obscure lane, and, in fine, separated him entirely from his friends.

This was the very opportunity that the Maxwell sought.

At once David hunted out a leading swash-buckler and made a bargain with him.

For the next six weeks the fellow undertook to compass the death of the young man.

Maxwell kept his name to himself and claimed to be an Englishman, and he did not disclose the name of the victim, either, but deceived the bravo by stating that the man whose life was sought was one Michael Angeroff, a Swede, for the cunning fellow feared that the swordsmen would not care to attack so eminent a man as Dundee.

The bravo dressed up his gang with morion and breast-plate, so that at a distance one would take them for a detachment of the night-patrol, and upon a certain night when the bells were striking twelve, Maxwell conducted the band to the old house where Dundee had taken up his quarters.

When the light in the window is extinguished knock at the door and say that you bring a message from Margaret Maxwell; he will open the portal at once; then strike him," the plotter said, and, the instruction given, the wily bravo stood cautiously away.

Concealed in the shadows cast by the houses the brigands waited for the extinguishment of the light.

And while they waited the chief of the band pondered over the instructions given.

"Margaret Maxwell," he muttered, "why, this is the lady with whom the bold Dundee is in love, and what has this Swede to do with her?" The gossip of the court was familiar to him. "Has this fellow tricked me and is it Dundee himself we are to attack?"

"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, in a surprised tone; "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps?"

And, sure enough, down the street came a dark form, moving with noiseless motion.

It wore the appearance of a woman; it glided up the steps of the old house, half-revealed a white face, wondrous in its beauty, and then glided through the door which hardly seemed to open to admit her.

"It is a spirit!" the bravo cried, "the Dark

delectable style, Octavia Dalzell was sitting in the gathering twilight, crying softly for love of him, for genuine loneliness at prospect of her six weeks' separation from him!

The red banners of sunset were streaming out against a lovely opaline sky, and the soft bush that comes at the death of the day was brooding like a benediction over the lawns and terraces at Miss Dalzell's home, and Octavia, with a scarlet shawl draped artistically over her dusky hair, stood at the rustic entrance-gate to the footpath, reading a letter just brought from the village post-office.

She had confidently expected a letter from Thorn Tressel and her cheeks had paled a little with keen disappointment when she found there was none for her; then, news from one man marred still more the joy of the next week.

For the young man, in the following week, had selected Miss Dalzell for his bride, and Octavia, with a smile, read the delightful gossip and the urgent invitation to go to the city for a few days' final shopping and enjoyment before the wedding that was now but two weeks off.

And suddenly the determination came to Octavia to run down to the city again, despite her previous judgment that it was unnecessary.

"It will be such a charming surprise to Thorn to see me, and I do so want to see him, too! Yes, it will be delightful, and I shall have Augusta to thank for a very great and unexpected pleasure."

So twenty-four hours later saw Octavia Dalzell and Mrs. Arlingville in full sway of delights, chattering and gossiping over their chocolate and cream-toast, in Mrs. Arlingville's dainty little rose-boudoir.

"And now tell me what you think of Thorn, Augusta? You had never met him when I saw you last—tell me, isn't he handsome and grand, and good enough for a princess?"

Octavia's face was all eloquent over Mr. Tressel, and her dark eyes shone with an eagerness that somehow seemed almost cruel to Mrs. Arlingville to be obliged to dampen.

"There is not the hearty ring in your words I want, Augusta. Don't you like Thorn? Truly, Augusta, why do you speak so—so—doubtfully?"

Mrs. Arlingville laid down her little glass of pink sevres saucer as she met Octavia's clear, frank gaze.

"Because, dear, I am a little distrustful of him. He is too fond of ladies' society for a man who expects to be married in so short a time. His flirts too much, dear, to give promise of a faithful, devoted husband. People remark his attachment to Miss Conway, and even doubt his engagement to all."

A faint surprise of pain came into Octavia's eyes and her lips quivered.

"Oh, Augusta, how can he be so thoughtless? for it is only thoughtlessness, I know!"

Mrs. Arlingville shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"'Thoughtlessness?' Well, perhaps it is! Suppose we go to Mrs. St. George's reception to-night and you can see for yourself. Mr. Tressel does not dream of your being in town."

Later, Octavia stood before the dressing glass, with vivid carnation tints on her cheeks, and flashing brilliancy in her blue eyes as she wondered what would come to her that night—whether or not Mr. Tressel would not prove her lover's thoughtlessness.

She was very quiet at Mrs. St. George's, not dancing or promenading, but sitting in the retirement of a cosy corner, with Mrs. Arlingville, watching with eager eyes every newcomer who paid respects to the hostess, and at last rewarded by a sight that sent the blood reeling from her cheeks—the sight of Mr. Tressel, tall, handsome and distinguished even among the handsome and distinguished men who thronged Mrs. St. George's elegant parlors—Mr. Thorn Tressel, with a petite, laughing-eyed girl on his arm to whom he was very evidently very attached.

Mrs. Arlingville touched Octavia with her fan, and Octavia turned a swiftly paling face mutely in answer, while great hot throbs of jealousy seized her heart at sight of her lover, her darling, bending his head over Blanche Conway's pretty head, just as he had bowed over her—and—was he whispering in Blanche Conway's ears as he had whispered in hers?

Such a miserable faint deathliness kept creeping on toward her heart, even after Mr. Tressel and Miss Conway had gone on into the dancing saloon, that Octavia found it impossible to remain quietly where she was.

"I must get away from here—I shall scream or cry—or—something. I must go home, Augusta; I must get away!"

And Mrs. Arlingville's lovely eyes were full of pity that it had been so ordered that Thorn Tressel's hand was the master one who could so change the current of Octavia's life river.

"Poor dear—do you really love him so well? Somehow I had thought—I had hoped—"

She whispered it as she and Octavia were standing in one of the dressing-rooms, putting on their wraps, and Octavia turned her dark eyes, all aflash, on her companion.

"Augusta! Was I not to be his—"

And just that instant two girls came laughing and talking from the adjoining dressing-room—one of whom thrust out a dainty cream-kidened hand to her companion.

"Fasten my glove, there's a darling, Lu! And then arrange these heavenly flowers in my hair—Mr. Tressel begged me to wear them the rest of the evening."

"Lu" laughed as she obeyed the little beauty's requests.

"Blanche, do you know you are flirting most outrageously to-night? I do declare I shall begin to reverse my decision and admit that after all Mr. Tressel is still in the market and deserves of being captured by me."

Miss Conway's little joyous laugh sent every drop of blood surging through Octavia's veins.

"In the market! Of course he's in the market. Why, he talks to me as no gentleman would dare talk unless he mediated a speedy proposal—depend on it. Lu, my dear, if you intend to be first bridemaid at my wedding to Mr. Tressel you'd better be thinking about getting ready. Thanks; the flowers look lovely. Shall we go down now? Mr. Tressel assured me he would die of impatience if I was not back immediately."